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first started this method of writing satire in the family way. He was followed by Smollet in *Humphry Clinker* half a dozen years afterwards. Mr. Campbell makes a mistake about this, and gives the priority to Smollet.

The Polar Star of Entertainment and Popular Science. Vol. III. pp. 420, for the quarter ending Lady-day, 1830.—London, H. Flower.

THIS is an amusing rifacimento of travels, tales, anecdotes and tid-bits of all sorts and sizes, collected and sometimes abridged from all manner of English and American periodicals.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The British Magazine for June.—London, Westley and Davis.

OUR favourite of the London Magazines still. In this No. there is a series of papers commenced on the 'Popular Authors of the Nineteenth Century,' which promises extremely well. The first is on the poetical works of the Rev. G. Croly, and it is delightfully written, in the very vein and spirit of poetical criticism. We wish the name of Catiline were not wrongly spelled nine times in one page. We beg of the Editor to look to his latin; he makes a sad hash of the first line of the third book of Horace. The Number presents its usual combination of good feeling and graceful writing, with general and well selected information.

The Monthly Magazine for June.—London, Whittaker.

THERE is an interesting narrative in this No. entitled *Newfoundland Adventures*; they seem to be authentic and are very curious. In the 'Notes of the month on affairs in general' there is a great deal of flippancy and bad taste. The late Sir Robert Peel is styled 'the old weaver,' and of his son it is said, "the young man has his purse, and we hope to live to see the day when we shall be supplicated to reinforce it with a penny, in the hands of a broken-down statesman, plying, broom in hand, at the crossing of Whitehall." This is sheer blackguardism, and worthy only of the pillory.

The Harmonicon.

THE number for the present month contains a short biography of Doctor Harrington, who was distinguished alike for his musical acquirements, (some sterling specimens of which are still extant,) and by his descent from a line of ancestry possessing deserved celebrity in the literary world. It also copies a letter addressed to the editor of the *Revue Musicale*, by a student at Naples, exhibiting a gloomy picture of the degenerate state of dramatic and church music in Italy—*sic transit gloria mundi!*—“*Chronicles of the Italian Opera in England*” commence with the season of the year 1817, in which Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was first produced, and end with that of 1819. The *Foreign Musical Report* gives a curious account of a concert at Vienna for a charitable purpose, in presence of the Austrian court, and in which sixteen of the male and female nobility performed the overture to Rossini's *Semiramide*, arranged for eight piano-fortes. This affords a striking example of the estimation in which music is

held among the higher classes in Germany; and though we have no desire that the members of our nobility should become fiddlers in an orchestra, we should far rather see them engaged in the cultivation and support of this and all the other finer arts, than in those frivolous and often vicious courses which sometimes absorb and degrade them at present.—The strictures on the Ancient Concerts are full of critical salt, and no wise complimentary to the noble directors. On the whole, however, we do not think this number even so good as the preceding one, and certainly far inferior to those which gained for the Harmonicon so high a character in the musical world, the possession of which we would fain see it deserve to retain.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 7th, 1830.

The interest connected with Egypt has induced Gagniard and Denain the booksellers to speculate upon a new and splendid edition of the History of the Scientific and Military French Expedition in that country. The first number, which has just made its appearance, contains views of Alexandria and Malta, with portraits of Buonaparte, Berthier, and Desgenettes, and an engraving of monumental antiquities. Although well got up, the charge is only five francs, which, however, will probably yield a better profit to the booksellers than 10s. 6d. would do in London, where the costs of engraving and printers' wages are double, and where also the paper is much dearer. Another very interesting work is the "Memoirs du Duc de Saint Simon," of which mention has been made in some of the London papers. As a history of the latter years of Louis XIV. one portion of these memoirs is perhaps the most faithful thing of the kind. The notice in it of the celebrated Marshal Villars is very curious. This person, although possessed of talents of the very best order, was accustomed to speak of his success in battle as arising from his good luck. In one of his letters to friend, he says, "Even the king's enemies have some opinion of me; and I may say with truth, that up to this time I am the only general in Europe whose good fortune in war has had no check;" and in another, inculcating the importance of choosing a lucky general, he says, "If you wish to play at cards, sit down with a partner who plays luckily." Altogether, the work is an amusing one, and it is a pity that it is not better known in Great Britain, for it gives sketches of characters which are well calculated to remove the erroneous impressions which are there entertained of some of the leading persons in the political drama of the day.

Many of the *habitués* of the French opera are cast without Taglioni, who is gone to London to play for Laporte's benefit. She has a *congé* of only three weeks, in consequence of the visit of the King of Naples, before whom she is to exhibit, as it is said, in a splendid ballet to be given by the court in honour of his presence in the capital. The tongue of some scandalous persons about the opera-house, however, would lead us to believe that the restriction as to the time of her absence is not enforced by the government, but by a wealthy and powerful Russian, who lives but in her presence. I cannot pledge myself

for the truth or falsehood of this insinuation. You know, however, that opera-dancers do not enjoy here the highest possible reputation, except as to their talents in the profession. In that way she is an inimitable little creature, and justly deserves all the praise that she receives.

Miss Smithson has been playing on, with success; and she seems to be very grateful for the patronage of the Parisians. She has now, to use her own words, "wealth and fame," and she "is satisfied." It is understood that she will make a tour of the provinces when her Paris engagement is at an end. Her success in pantomime of the serious kind has induced some of the Paris managers to speculate upon pantomimic performances of the comic order, and we are told that we are to have shortly from fifteen to twenty English pantomime actors in Paris. The thing will probably be overdone.

I think I mentioned in a former letter, that it was in contemplation to form a company for the supply of water to the houses in Paris by pipes, as in London. The proposals are now published. It appears from them, that by taking a share, which is to cost 3000 francs, the owner of a house who now pays nearly 150 francs per annum for a very scanty supply of water by water-carriers, will have an abundant supply of water for eighty years to come, without any other expenditure than the first purchase of the share, the interest of which, at 4 per cent. considering the capital as sunk, would only be 120 francs. The projectors state that the total cost of laying down the pipes, &c. will be 20 millions of francs; and they hold out as inducements to subscribe, the importance of such an outlay to the laboring classes who would be employed in the works, but they say nothing of the hundreds whom the completion of the works would throw out of employment. The water-carriers, however, will have time to look forward for other occupation, and the improvement is of too great and excellent a character for such a consideration to impede its exertion. The water-carriers, of course, complain. So do the boatmen when new bridges are built; but these are complaints about narrow distress, and ought not to prevent national improvement.

There is great talk of a banquet to be given to their Sicilian Majesties by the City of Paris; the cost of it will be 150,000 francs. The Constitutionnel is quite indignant at the announcement, and says, "They forget, without doubt, that we have on the pauper list 70,000 names; that, during the last year, 227,000 persons received 1,400,000 francs toward the purchase of bread; and that the third part of the population of Paris die in the hospital. Is this," says the journalist, "a time for giving such fêtes?" The statement as to the deaths in the Paris hospitals is not much exaggerated. It is a sad fact, that among the working classes of the capital, such is either their improvidence, or wretched lot, that three-fourths die in hospitals, and are buried by charity. This is not the case, to the same extent, in any other capital of Europe.

London, June 8.
The illness of the King, who now to use a French phrase, "touche à son terme," is the general, I might almost say, the exclusive topic of conversation in the metropolis.—In anticipation of his death, all the Sunday newspapers

and periodical people are on the alert, one promises a wood engraving, another a copperplate impression, another a biography, with remarkable anecdotes. What a lot is that of royalty, distracted with the dissensions of party when in health, the object of vulgar curiosity when dying. The medical statements as to the king's present state, are quite conclusive. The dropsey is now general, and in a short time suffocation it is thought must ensue, from sudden and rapid effusion. The loss of his majesty will be severely felt by all who desire to see capital expended in works of art and general improvement. Never had Great Britain a monarch, whose ideas in this respect were more liberal and extensive. His taste certainly was not always correct, and where he exercised it in opposition, to the suggestions of persons whose taste is generally admired, the result was sometimes such as to induce ridicule rather than excite approbation; but what splendid buildings have risen up at the magic of his command—what a superb park in the metropolis, what superb embellishments in the neighbourhood of the houses of parliament! to say nothing of the improvements made at Windsor, where the labouring classes have been kept in full occupation, and hundreds of artizans have been continually employed. In addition to the enormous sums voted by parliament, for carrying into execution the public improvements suggested by the king, his majesty himself must have expended many hundred thousand pounds on national property. It is however supposed that he has been able to save a large portion of his income, a great part of which will, if report speaks truly, be devoted by his order after his death, to the purchase of works of art for the public. The proprietors of the different theatres are in alarm as to the shutting up of their establishments on the death of the king. They have not however much to fear; previous to this king's reign, it was not unusual to keep the the ares closed on the death of a monarch, for more than a month. George IV. altered this, and it is now fixed, that the theatres should only remain closed until after the funeral. Within the last two or three days, the king alluded to the theatres, as likely to suffer from his death, and said, "pray do not shut them for a longer period than is absolutely necessary."

The newspapers give a curious account of an illness of Madame Vestris on Saturday night at Drury-lane, and they attribute it to the lady's vexation at having to play in the same piece with Mr. Anderson, with whom she had quarrelled, this I am assured is not true; her illness was, it is said, real, and she shook hands cordially with Mr. Anderson behind the scenes, immediately after the manager had made an apology for her non-appearance during the remainder of the evening.

There has been a great falling off lately in many of the periodical publications; and it is difficult to discover the cause, unless it be in the want of means, of which every body complains. The Sunday newspapers have severely felt the depression—some of the oldest have fallen 250 to 500 per week during the last two or three months. It would seem from this that there is really a diminution of means in the lower and middling classes to purchase newspapers, for it cannot be said to arise from want of news, since there are as many subjects of excitement now as there have been during the last twelve months. Notwithstanding this

lfulness another new periodical, called "The Chat of the Week," has started but it is not, I fear, destined to long life.

There are very few works of note in hand, and the booksellers generally complain of dullness. Colburn and Bentley are, compared with what they were, idle. Kidd of Bond-street has published a beautiful work, called "Four Years in the West Indies;" and Longman and Co. have also sent out some very clever volumes during the last six weeks, but of these hereafter.

We still talk of steam carriages here, but that is all—we seem to be just as near to perfection as regards practical purposes, as we were two years ago. Mr. Gurney, however, assures me that every thing is going on well. The rage now seems to be less for steam than for air carriages—not less than six persons are building carriages in London to be worked by air.

(Extract from a Private Letter.)

London, June 8.

I have been to the Somerset-house exhibition, but could not see one-twentieth of the good things there to look at. Turner is absolutely glorious in some of his pictures this year, he has one sunset that is truly sublime.—Rothwell's portraits though good, are certainly inferior to his head of Farren. I must confess my disappointment. He has the power in him, however, and only requires time and care, which I am sure he will steadily devote, to insure success. Piglau is not improved; there is, however, a pleasing picture of his sister, the other I do not like. Edwin Landseer's picture of the Duke of Atholl with dogs, &c. is a beautiful specimen of that able artist; and Stanfield's "Mount St. Michael" is as fine as could possibly be imagined. Jackson has, as usual, very able portraits; he leaves all the living artists far behind. Wilkie's portrait of the king in the Scotch dress, and that of his reception by the Scotch nobles, are fine pictures, but in neither do I think him happy in the expression of countenance given to the principal figure; they are, however, great likenesses, no flattery, but the man as he really is. Though the halls and walls of Somerset-house are crammed full of pictures, there seem but few really excellent. I have visited the water colour exhibition, which I prefer: some of Fielding's, Dewint's, and Prout's, are beyond all praise. The first mentioned artist has a surprising number in the exhibition, I believe forty-five; Robson in point of number comes next; however, with the exception of some half dozen paintings which are very good, his productions have not pleased me much: he begins to be accused, and I think with some justice, of *mannerism*. I moreover doubt much the fidelity of his Killarney views, though his "Loch Coronish," (an effect nearly similar to that of "Comeen Dubh," by Petrie of Dublin, which is exhibiting here at Jennings' just now,) is really astonishing, and makes up for all. Next to the water colour exhibition, I think Sir Thomas Lawrence's gallery is decidedly the greatest lion here.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Albemarle-st. London, June 4.

Mr. Brokendom lectured this evening on certain facts connected with the perception of colours. If the eye be fixed for some time on a coloured object, which is then rapidly removed, the retina still preserves an image of

the object—but of a very different colour. The common experiment of looking intently upon a coloured wafer for a short time—then blowing it away, and perceiving a spot of equal size, but of another colour, in its place—is pretty well known. This, according to Dr. Darwin, arises from the retina being fatigued, and thus morbidly affected. It is however to be observed, that the new colour is that which exactly compensates for the former one; that, in fact, both together are those colours of the prismatic spectrum, which when mixed would produce a perfect white. Mr. Brokendom accordingly holds, that there is a distinct compensating power in the organ of vision—that whatever be the structure on which it depends, the existence of the function is unquestionable. In his own speculations on the efficient cause, he is disposed to attribute it to the action of the penniform fibres of the membrana Jacobae, that exquisitely delicate membrane of the eye discovered by Dr. Jacob of Dublin, and described in the Phil. Trans. for 1819. But he wished it to be understood that he threw this out merely as a suggestion; it might lead he hoped to further inquiry—though adopted perhaps, in the first instance, by him, for want of a more satisfactory way of accounting for the phenomenon.

Circular disks were exhibited, divided into concentric rings, with the primary colours in prismatic arrangement, and so ordered as that when only opposite spots were uncovered, (by means of a superimposed rotatory surface, perforated for the purpose,) those spots were always of the compensating tints. This constitutes a species of chromometer, from which many practical advantages may obviously be derived. The artist may learn from it, at a glance, and with the utmost precision, how to blend his colours harmoniously; and the connoisseur may perceive how he should dispose his picture, so as to convey the most agreeable impression to the eye.

Some curious facts in illustration of the compensating power of the eye were related during the lecture. One of them occurred in Mr. Brokendom's own person. Walking one day from Temple-bar along Fleet-street, thinking abstractedly on something or other, or perhaps not thinking at all, (as he good-humouredly said,) his foot slipped on a bit of orange-peel, and he fell. Immediately he saw a patch of blood on the flag under him. He was alarmed for the moment; but finding that the same appearance of the bloody spot met his eye whenever he turned it, he set himself to ascertain the cause. This he was soon satisfied arose from his having been gazing for some time on the *green* pail of a milkman who was walking before him.

The eye is not fit for judging accurately of a new colour, after having been long fixed on one of another hue. This is a well-known fact: yet artists are sometimes surprised at the change their work seems to have undergone in their absence;—they are well aware too, from sad experience, how differently their pictures appear in an exhibition room from what they did in their own studies.

There is another source of error sometimes observable among artists: one man gives a decidedly green tinge to his pictures—another, a foxy hue. This is most frequently owing to a false perception of colour. Nor is it to be wondered at that there should be defects of this kind in the organ of vision, when we are all

familiar with the varieties presented by the auditory organ. Some persons have no ear whatever for music—others a most sensible one, and the intermediate conditions are very obvious. In the same way, there are many persons who are utterly unable to appreciate particular colours. It sometimes happens that there may be some one colour of which these curiously constituted individuals have no perception, or which impresses the sensorium as that of some other colour with which they are much better acquainted. Mr. Dalton's case is one in point. The philosopher of Manchester is, it seems, a quaker; and usually clothes one portion of his outer man with stockings of the purest drab. His friends, however, know that he is destitute of the power of distinguishing scarlet from drab; and so in order to amuse themselves a little at his expense, they determined one day to leave him a pair of bright scarlet stockings for his toilette, in place of those of the accustomed hue. Forth went the sage, very composedly, arrayed in his new scarlet livery.

Various instruments for the dispersion and combination of the prismatic colours were exhibited; and altogether this lecture was one of the most interesting and instructive.

Mr. Faraday will close the evening meetings for the season, on Friday next, with some concluding remarks on the subject of Phonics.

[We are indebted to our excellent friend, the historian of Galway, for the following original letter from the celebrated John Pinkerton, to the no less distinguished Doctor Percy, Bishop of Dromore. To all who take an interest in the ancient history of the British Isles, and more particularly that of the ancient scotia, major and minor, or our own dear Isle and modern Scotland; it cannot fail of proving a highly interesting document. The writer was certainly a man of great learning, and we think, of undoubted honesty also, though perhaps as great a slave to childish prejudices as any of those whom he punnelled with such a coarse and unsparing hand. These prejudices disfigured his work and marred its utility; but nevertheless, the good which it effected should never be forgotten—nor should his name be unremembered by the lovers of historic truth. He did much towards placing the ancient history of Scotland on a solid foundation, and though we hardly think he succeeded in overthrowing the fabric of our own ancient annals, we are quite satisfied that it received such a shock from his furious attack, as it can never recover, except by a complete re-edification, under the direction of an architect of consummate skill. In other words the history of Ireland previous to the introduction of Christianity—the history of the *Breagi* and *Scotti*—must be re-investigated and re-written to satisfy the inquiring spirit of the age; and should the task ever, (as we hope and trust it will) be triumphantly accomplished, no small portion of our gratitude should be given to the shade of the ‘pugnacious’ John Pinkerton, for his zeal and ability in the good old cause.—The spelling and capital letters, &c. are retained as in the original.]

Knightsbridge, 19th Nov. 1785

My Lord,
The Scottish Poems from the Maitland MS. being now printed off in two Volumes, I have desired Mr. Nichols to send a copy to Your

Lordship which I beg your acceptance of as a whole cloud of witnesses) How Albania came small token of my gratitude for the favour Your to be called Scotia, &c. &c. &c.

Lordship did me in pointing out the MS. and other Kindnesses. My Preface will also serve to commemorate my sentiments on this occasion, and if it lies in my power to make any return, I shall never be deficient in Zeal at least.

Before proceeding to publish the Romances (which will be an easy work) I wish much to have some transcripts from the MS. in the Advocates library mentioned by Your Lordship in the Reliques.—This I find it difficult to manage. Few people in Edinburgh being qualified for the task, but hope soon to accomplish this, and then shall let Your Lordship know my plan, &c. and as I never chuse to be a plaguey even of first thoughts, I hope in my Dedication to testify due respect to the first projector of this design. Many ancient Scotish poets I also purpose to republish as Your Lordship will see from the present production, but editions are very easy matters and one might publish half a Dozen of them in a Year. They are indeed amusements and not labours; as I have found who while the present work was in hands have been at same time occupied in one of the most laborious tasks ever attempted.

It is some years since I formed the design of writing The History of Scotland from the Earliest Accounts till the reign of Mary: to be comprised in 40 Books forming 2 volumes 4to. But the earliest part from the beginning till Malcolm III. 1054, is so overwhelmed in fiction, that I find it absolutely necessary to dig a foundation, and clear away rubbish, ere I venture to build an edifice. This I mean to do by publishing first in 8vo. *An Enquiry into the History of Scotland prior to the reign of Malcolm III. or year 1054.* So far as I have gone, I find that it is to the most violent and pitiful national prejudices alone, that we are indebted for the obscurity of our early History. The following are the Grand Divisions of my Work:—

Part I. The ancient celtic inhabitants of Scotland prior to the christian era, or any records.

II. The Britons south of Forth and Clyde, Kingdom of Cumbria, &c.

III. The Picts, shewn to be Scandinavians (from Bede and many other authorities) came to Scotland about the Christian era, Drove out the Celts. Pictish tribes conquered by Agricola, Establish a Kingdom in the Isles (see solinus, &c.) which after spreads into the free tribes in Scotland, Catalogues of their Kings from four ancient chronicles prior to Fordun, compared with that published by Fordun, &c. Never conquered, but brought under Scottish dominion by right of marriage. Form, at this day, almost the whole lowlanders of Scotland, (see Essay on the origin of Scotish poetry prefixed to my present publication.)

IV. Scots, Originally Irish. A small colony came over in the 3rd century, under Reuda (Beda, Irish Annals) Driven out in 447 (Gildas Beda) No. Kingdom till 503, when Fergus, son of Erc acquired from the Picts a petty sovereignty in Argyle, (Irish Annals, All our chronicles prior to Fordun, &c. &c. &c.) Exact series of the Kings from thence till 850, when Kenneth by marriage succeeded to the Pictish throne. Insignificance of the Scots even after this (old charters and chronicles Achred Richard of Hagulslad, &c.) Ireland undoubtedly Scotia, till the 11th century, (a

Such my Lord, is the skeleton of my work, to which all my other labours are a jest, but which will fix the ancient History of my country upon the firm basis of ancient authorities, and all lovers of truth I shall convince, as for the rest, *si vulga vult decipi decipiatur.* Let them put up with dreams of the father of Ossian and other followers of prejudice. I write not for them, but for those who know that *ancient history can only rest upon ancient authorities.* Now My Lord, there is one favour I earnestly request of Your Lordship, in order to render my work as perfect as possible, and that is that Your Lordship would endeavour to procure from Dublin translations, of such little Notes in the Irish Annals prior to 1054, as concern Scotland. There are in the College libraries at Dublin, three or four Books of Annals in Irish as the Psalter of Cashel, written in the 10th age, the Annals of Tigran in the eleventh, &c. and perhaps one or two passages about the Alba Scotti may be found in them, I would write to Colonel Vallancey the Antiquary at once, but he is so hot-headed in his writings, that I fear he would load me with fables. But accurate translations with a note of the age of the MS. are what I want, and if your Lordship would use your influence, Scotland would ever be grateful for the attention: and any expence whatever attending it, I shall most thankfully pay to Mr. Nichols or any other person, by Your Lordship's order. In short Your Lordship cannot confer a greater obligation on a whole kingdom, than by this service not to mention the extreme favour it will do me as an individual.

O'Flaherty in his Ogygia mentions a Chronological Poem of the Scotish Kings. If this be in any library in the Colleges at Dublin as I am told, an exact copy of the original and a literal translation would be a vast acquisition as it bears to be written under Malcolm III. A great point is the Colony of Reuda mentioned by Beda—what account the Irish Annals give of it. If the Dalreudini were originally settled in Scotland but returned to Ireland, when we find them in Irish Annals—or if from Ireland they went under the name of Dalreudini to Scotland? I particularly beg that your Lordship will ask at Different Irishmen what is the meaning of *Dal*, as Macpherson says it does not signify a portion or district in Irish, yet the Irish antiquaries say it does.

Has Your Lordship ever seen Douglas's *Palace of Honour*, printed at London 1553, and at Edinburgh 1579? It is the only old Scottish piece which I can find now here. The *Complaint of Scotland* 1549, is quoted in the Reliques. Does Your Lordship know where any copy is? If Your Lordship wished any extract, &c. from the Museum, or any public library here please let me know, and I shall gladly do it, for I shall with great pleasure make any little return I can for the trouble I give you, knowing that it will not be in my power to express, by any important service, how much I am,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obliged faithful servant,
JOHN PINKERTON.

My address is
Knightsbridge near London. }

To The Rt. Revd. The Lord Bishop
of Dromore, at Dromore, Ireland: